

Wishes by GalekhXigisi

Series: [The Unholy Holy Trinity Collection \[12\]](#)

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), Stranger Things (TV 2016), The Goldfinch (2019), The Goldfinch - Donna Tartt

Genre: Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, Angst, Heartache, M/M, Multi, Pining, Richie Tozier Needs a Hug, Richie Tozier is Adopted, The Unholy Holy Trio, The story is a bit different, Trans Boris Pavlikovsky, Trans Richie Tozier, Transphobia, but w/o knowledge of transition, deading, pennywise & demogorgon happened

Language: English

Characters: Boris Pavlikovsky, Mike Wheeler, Richie Tozier, Theodore Decker, Will Byers

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier/Stanley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak/Stanley Uris, Theodore Decker/Boris Pavlikovsky, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

Richie is pining after two boys that are together and his brothers hate seeing their brother experiencing this heartache.

Wishes

Author's Note:

Real quick for the story line: the demogorgon shit happened and so did Pennywise but the boys sometimes live with their Aunt Karen and other times with their adopted parents, which are the Toziers. Richie was there for the year with the Toziers while Mike was with the Wheelers and Boris spent his time with Theo and Hobie in New York. However, Richie spent everything else with the Wheelers so he was there for all of the other stuff. Boris is only back from NY when they're fifteen, which they're fifteen now so the story is a bit crunched and also Hawkins is, for the point of this story, the next town over so Mike just barely avoided Pennywise.

Slow, heavy breaths leave the boy. His ribs hurt and his lungs feel like they're getting stabbed over and over again. He's used to this feeling. It hasn't been new in a long time, one cold hand laying over his ribs beneath the thick sweater he had stolen from his brother long ago. He thinks that it's probably Boris' favorite sweater, the deep red so reminiscent of the past. Boris had first kissed Theo wearing this sweater. He had talked about it for months, starry-eyed and lovestruck. It had been passed around the set of triplets enough that Mike had kissed Will for the first time in this, too.

Richie's fingers press to his lips, eyes examining nothing in particular. They're red-rimmed and glossy. He wishes things were different. He wishes he could share his first kiss in an outfit like this, but things are different and he's not the same as his brothers.

He really wishes he was the same as them, falling for stupid blondes that were somewhat unhinged and loved him all the same with their

soft personalities. However, he fell in love with a completely hinged blonde and a completely unhinged brunette. Neither of the two have the soft personality Will has or the soft-for-you-alone personality Theo shows around Boris. They bristle at his jokes and pipe back with sharp tongues. Sometimes, they offer support, too, laughing at his shitty jokes.

He remembers when he was in third grade, in Australia for a few months for his father's work before they divorced. He had been given an assignment by his teacher, told to find something that started with the letter *W*. Later, they would be told to do the same with *X*, *Y*, and *Z* with everything bringing in xylophones cut from printed paper and drawn zebras, and whatever else would come from them. Some kids brought in washing machines, some brought in wagons or wheels. One child had even brought in a picture of a wheelbarrow his mother had taken for him.

Richie had brought in a picture of two boys. They were young, no older than he, dressed in thick winter coats. One had blonde, choppy hair and the other's was red. The boy with red hair pressed his lips to the blonde's cheek beneath the mistletoe. Richie didn't understand why the plant was so romantic after watching his mother get so sick over the shitty little plant, but no one needed to hear that.

He remembers Miss Elaine's commentary. "*Pankratova, nothing on here starts with the letter W.*" She had marked a red *X* over the waxed paper with her permanent marker that she moved to write frowny faces with on the top right corners of his papers. Sometimes, she'd write that she couldn't read his writing with it, marking it as a zero without hesitation. Other times, it would have *meet me after class* on it, too. Richie stopped meeting her after class after the first time when she made him read it all back to her and gave him live commentary about how bad it was. He had never seen her do it with anyone else and Boris had to come and get him, which he wasn't very happy about because they both missed the bus and had to walk home

in the heat. Boris hated the heat. Richie hated it, too.

He wishes he could have told her what it stood for. Which was funny, actually, because that's what it stood for. *Wish*. He wants to tell her, still. *Wants*. The day *Y* came up, he brought the same picture in, marked up in blue pen instead of red marker. *100%, great job*, he had written. Miss Elaine yelled at him for hours in front of everyone, making the boy cry. He didn't tell anyone, but Boris and Mike both found out somehow. They moved three days later and he distinctly remembers his father flipping off the television when her missing poster came up. He wishes he could have told her that it meant *Yearn* or *Yearning*. He never got to and knows he never will.

He runs his fingers over his lips, the candle on the sink still burning without a care in the world. He wishes a million different things but none of it will be coming any time soon. The lights are still off when he slowly pulls his hand away. He leans against the sink.

The day they had the letter *P*, he had brought in a smiling picture of his family, one of the shitty family photos they had done in Ukraine or Germany. *Pretend* had been his word that day, but *Poison* worked just as well. For *T*, he brought his parents' wedding photos. *Toxic*, but Miss Elaine took it as *Tuxedo* and gave him a mark with her yellow marker. It was faded and written on a sticky note since his mother would have killed him if anything happened to those photographs. They didn't matter now, burnt up in that home in LA.

He runs his hands through his messy hair, tossing his eyes at his favorite feline. *Wishes*, as he had affectionately named the kitten when he pulled her and her three sisters in from a horrid storm seven months ago, sat on the back of the toilet. The maine coon-ragdoll mix was, realistically, far too big for the back of the toilet, but she fit just fine, somehow making it work. He has no idea how she does it, but he

scratches behind her ear with a frown. The white fur gets on the sweater too easily, making itself apparent. Her sisters - Xylophone, Keyboard, and Ke\$sha, all named by Richie and Boris - would never, their fur all darker than Wishes' own. The kitten purrs affectionately, leaning into the touch.

"I love them," he confesses in a low tone, whispering the words. She only stares at him with wide, blue eyes. "I love Stan and Eddie..." He hadn't told anyone else. He hadn't even hinted at it with anyone else, not Boris or Mike or Mike Hanlon or Beverly. He told the losers a lot of things, but he hadn't told them about that. They knew about his father and a lot of what had happened with him and the way he had started the fire in their home after Richie and Boris both confessed that they were boys just like Mike was. It had sparked an entirely new debate in the household that ended with their father locking them in Boris' room and attempting to burn the entire family alive.

Wishes meows at him, something quiet but so loud after the deafening silence that had invaded the past few hours he had been in the bathroom. Wax had dribbled down the side of the sink and he could hear Ke\$ha meowing as well as Mike talking to her as he got her food. It was loud, her meows always sounded through the house. Xylophone's own screaming yowls follow as Mike fusses, food getting in the bowls nonetheless.

Eddie and Stan had announced their relationship hours ago, only this morning. Richie was still reeling, though, realistically, how could he call himself faithful he liked two boys at once? And what were the chances they would even return those feelings, anyway?

He runs his hand through the cat's fur a few more times before walking out of the bathroom, Wishes following with the jingle of her bell being the only tell. Richie knows she wants to go out, ready for a

walk in a far too canine-like way. Despite that, he clips the leash onto her collar and calls to his brothers that he's leaving the home. To his surprise, Theo and Will respond to him instead. It only feels bitter and he walks out of his front door with his eyes burning. He wishes they didn't.

Author's Note:

The Pictures of Hollis Woods is a great book and the references I made to it are some of the very little I remember. I also remember the woman with the mustard stain on her shirt.

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